A Louers complaint.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

FRom off a hill whose concaue wombe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a sistring vale
My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

Vpon her head a plattid hiue of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
The carkas of a beauty spent and donne,
Time had not sithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage,
Some beauty peept, through lettice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heaue her Napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters:
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares:
As often shriking vndistinguisht wo,
In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battry to the spheres intend:
Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gases lend,

To

COM

To euery place at once and no
The mind and sight distracte

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in
Proclaimd in her a careleſſe ha
For some vntuck'd descended
Hanging her pale and pined c
Some in her threeden fillet sti
And trew to bondage would
Though slackly braided in loo

A thousand fauours from a ma
Of amber christall and of bedd
Which one by one she in a riu
Vpon whose weeping marger
Like vsery applying wet to w
Or Monarches hands that lets
Where want cries some; but w

Of folded schedulls had she m
Which she perus'd, sighd, tore
Crackt many a ring of Posied
Bidding them find their Sepul
Found yet mo letters sadly pe
With sleided silke, feate and af
Enswath'd and seald to curiou

These often bath'd she in her f
And often kist, and often gaue
Cried O false blood thou regi
What vnapproued witnes doo
Inke would haue seem'd more
This said in top of rage the lin
Big discontent, so breaking th

A reuerend man that grau'd hi

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